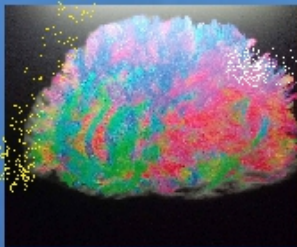


'CAUSE WIRES

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BACK TO IT: Beetle G'lah USB Sound System + Sneaky Paint Job



RUM & NO RAISIN' THE ROOF:
Who stole beer from the Foundry fridge?

A SUBCAPITAL PERFORMANCE
from DOLCHEQUE ROSSO GOONS

OUR 21ST

FOUNDRY FRIDAY 27/10/2017

An adorable, alternately bumbling and compensatively elbow-greased three piece played some humble singalongs before their opposite from Melbourne. The former was Kitchen's Floor, without a usual distortion pedal and their usually well-tuned guitars. "Just alone in this world... Just alone in this world..."

Self conscious younger-seeming people stood back from the front, some smiling at blunders and apologies, some rocking or nodding or foot tapping, the usual. "Yeah this one's for you m8, bet you relate to this." (nah Matt didn't say that to them).

I was sober & remembering how much I liked live music and the reasons it was important. Got first of too many beers after the set and lamented somewhat the seeming inevitable partnership between alcohol and enjoying live music. Then the next day I remembered that actually, I did not have any drinks during the Kitchen's Floor set, I just forgot that I didn't have any drinks because it was a pretty similar enjoyment once I loosened up a little in my own mind. One thing was the fact of the songs actually being about the very gripes and vulnerabilities that made me either want to drink, or be more critical of live music scenes. I'd forgotten, because mp3's aren't the same as being told something in a relevant situation. Weird to forget that lyrics actually mean something, and that the physical act of playing an instrument can reinforce the impact (am I an alien?). Also, the irony of going out to enjoy words like, "this night is dead, worn me down and out..." "this, place, used to be good!" plays a part. Music: you don't know the answers but the story & the momentum alone helps.

Not so much back to basics was Melbourne's (Geelong's, actually!) Orb who struck me as a kind of sarcastic semi-self-aware TV rock band – just the right tinge of smart irony combined with the neat showmanship and discipline to fit with a slightly alternative crowd (probably similar to the Blurst of Times). It was kind of fun for a bit, energetic crowd like Chain and the Gang. This is going out and doing flashy but nonsexual fun things, fist in the air, yeahh rock music. Living in

Melbourne, real professionalism, glitter and technical admiration, you know, the step up from dingy old Brisbane. Not on my terms, though, just in technical terms.

Went to the smoker's area and talked to a trendily artistic looking guy who caught a train from the Gold Coast, who says Goldy's going off at the moment. Warehouse parties and stuff, like around Miami. Asked if he was talking about The Walls but I thought he might've been alluding to other stuff, secret stuff? Or he was just talking up the GC, I dunno, I'll never know. He gave Matt a ridiculously generous amount of tobacco for a few papers before being approached by a modeling agency. Thought the GC thing was interesting (been there before) so asked for FB. He said, "Do you have Insta?" Flittered off soon. I don't use instagram, really.

Another friendly patron chatted about how she was moving to Nambour and showed me some iron on flower patches on her jeans. Drove from there with her partner, I think, in an old Celica or something prone to breaking down. Big trek to see Orb. Said Tame Impala was her favourite band, and loves records records and has heaps like, The Doors, I dunno, the obvious classics.

Dunno about the first band The Gametes, but I heard they had a mannequin that turned out to be a human. & were also really tight. Noticed some weird stuff on stage before like a big hair dryer circular thing you see on TV with women in curlers under them. Met a guy on the balcony who was self-conscious that he was there as the brother of the guy who just took photos. I'm the girlfriend I said, I don't wanna be a groupie. It's cool, who cares.

Also on that balcony somebody vomited and when the security and/or glassie came around they blamed it on these lads who'd wandered in. Three or four of them, obviously on some kind of stimulant and the kind of naughty boys to test boundaries. Or maybe I'm projecting? *Course* you wanna go to the exclusive room. Anyhow, I'd handed them a pen to tag the already graffiti-covered walls, which they took to eagerly. Then they joined a couple of band guys on the balcony, shortly before the staff person. "Do you do graff?" Standing staunch, one smirking. "The

walls here are fine but not out on the balcony. Did you play tonight?" ... "Do I write my name unnecessarily on walls?" Yeah, they left. "Who did this?" "It was those guys." Think I'd blame the rum and ginger beer jug. Alright night, overall.

ps. What Orb sounds like. Imagine Thee Oh Sees cross Black Sabbath (latter someone, or everyone, else's comparison), cross this 80s college joke band song posted by EVERYTHINGISTERRIBLE under the title ITS TIME, but minus the humour. They should cover it, sung with a straight face it'd be thematically similar to Man In The Sand.

Also, who asked me if I'd been to elsewhere club in Surfer's Paradise?

MATT'S REVENGE

Matt, inspired by 80s sega game YAR'S REVENGE, which features adorable and civilised insects, was listening to INSECTS and then ORBIT before playing with ORB and then thought that, he was so fed up with everyone and all their meme pages taking the pis out of him and his band that he would like ot stand up for himself. Only whenhe had the chance & it felt right though, and there was one day when it did, and it was when he played a show. We all know how much Matt and his buddy Bobby like BEER and, when they went to play the sho wwith ORB (whos ename resembles ORBIT) they fouhnd, in the back room, a bar fridge full of BEER and also a jug full of RUM. This size, was exactly Matt and Bobby sized fir a good night and they looked at it. Then they threw up and passed out the end. And I drank the rest of the beer n got homke and wrote this zine in shame. ORB flew back o Geelong and listened to some Christgian Rock and never got to hear about how my catg was named after Gary Ablet. Of the CATS.

FLAMIN' GALAH SATURDAY 29/10/2017

Beetle Bar resurrected as a rebramed but similar venue as far as I can tell. For some reason I thought it'd be some small, far-away place but nope. It's pretty much how I remember it that one time I saw that stand up comedy but it did still seem smaller, somehow. Maybe it was the big,

dark hanging curtain with the logo on it. Emphasises the height of the roof, making it look narrower. Guess shiny branding's pretty typical.

Another thing was the enormous stack of speakers. Shit, take that last review of Glen back because I've never heard his songs like this. Just take these speakers and sound guy away, plonk them in the Suncorp Stadium oval and blow everyone away. Reminds me of Pink Floyd a bit (but youtube videos), the one song I got into which had that massive space ship, eerie highway bass sound, One Of These Days. Maybe someone will get Glen a back up band, convince him to rebrand the thing, get professional videos, canonise him in Rolling Stone, some metal mag, and he'll have Declan (Cold Fish, Sewers) and Hayley (the visual artist and sculpter) miming still – or Jack (other visual artist), Jayden (Mount St. house), or whoever else – while the hired musicians are in a cage somewhere. Or just pre-recorded the live set for them & the crowd thinks they must be hiding somewhere, cause they did it one time. Maybe they're amongst the crowd. Maybe one of them would have a keyboard phone app with a guitar tone on it and play the whole set from his little seat up behind the bleachers and eventually, everyone would point & crowd around over his shoulder. It's him! But, someone tweets, "That guy's a fake!" Glen tweets it, guitar lying limp during a solo.

In the end they actually played a bit for real again, to the especial amusement of Harry and Alex and I. HASH TAG, WE R REAL BAND, BURST YR BUBBLE WITH A REAL SOUND, PLAY LOUD, YEAH BIG SOUND... Nah there wasn't any lyrics on this part. CTRL 3, ENTRANCE FEE, THREE DEE, GET TO SEE ME... Alright, won't lose the plot again. Great performance. I got a tape. I got sucked in by the marketing. Ahh and the MS Paint drawing insert the size of a business card, which he took great pains to get off his work computer. Have to have some work perks, you know.

Pull Out Kings were damn good, flawless, wordless, concentrated and energetic. Grace looking all gypsy fortune teller Amy Winehouse with one of those Dr Who wand thingos you move your hands around like a crystal ball, Steve Schteve (Sydney 2000) drumming in witch hat

and stuff and Fred Gooch (Clever). Over by midnight (I think), toyed with getting another gin and ginger beer (cheaper than a real beer and delicious), decided against but hung out under a big stilted Queenslander for a while anyhow. Soon retired. Nice Friday & Saturday.

One thing: missed Piss Pain, Manners, Wireheads, Cannon etc. Can't make every show.

JOB BAND

You know, I came out with the typical self-depreciating zine bullshit to explain my absence but that was in fact to cover up something I've been working on that might verge on diabolical if I'm not careful, and may ruin my employment prospects. Or my music scene cred, by brining in something most objectionable. This risk I'm taking is a new enterprise called Job Band, or Max RocknRoll Employment, or Dole Bludgeons. With the modus operandi of Mark E. Smith stewing around in my head, I've been going around to job centres offering unlikely non-musicians a live gig opportunity. Paid, of course. In addition, I wrote a gumtree advert. The usual, you know, no time wasters, hard workers, etcetera. Show up n do it. Can wear mask if you like, bit of personal flair but some fluoro vests might be suitable.

Another place I am planning to visit is a nursing home and a career expo. This is crass exploitation in a way but it's their damn problem if they get humiliated, no? They wanted some extra \$\$, got some drink tickets, showed up to do the job and they'd damn well do it. They'd do it well, I know it's in there. Improv set. Band-like activity. Work! Of course, I'd have a big list of casuals to call up last minute and emotionally blackmail.

After all that I'll call up about all the job snobs rejecting literally the easiest entry level job you can get, plucking a string, banging a drum, manual labour a child could do. Take what you can get in the gig economy.

We will take the customer centred approach to the next frontier of music. "This next one's called POSITIVE ATTITUDE. No sad sacks!" Then go up to the wall leaner, "Are you enjoying your

night?! Yeah? Some more distortion? I'm afraid we're out of distortion but ah I can get some baritone bought out to you. Is that okay? Sorry. Martin, can you give that crowd left of centre stage some low vocals please? Can you do that? Yes, it's down in your diaphragm. Fucking hell, there's customers waiting. Look, HEEEEEEEEEEEEEE. There's how." "OH HI. Yep, give us your resume. Hmmm, bright and confident. Put you on trial tonight, alright?.. Yeah have my drink, I'll give you some more after"

FEEDBACK, WHAT DO YOU THINK

----- good/bad: Y / N

AM I FORGETTING SOMETHING OR SOMEONE

Nurturance, kindness, openness to others? I suppose I haven't been worried or inspired with a great deal of inspired camaraderie either but I know somewhere, in my mainly restful but inward-looking state, that there's human potential & problems to be fixed. Room for change and momentum (excitement).

I can have a holiday, I can follow my own advice. It's ok to rest, it's OK to be small. Small circles of people finding their own innocent alternatives, doing human things.

I keep thinking of everything in fragmenting, part invisible layers, like big society, then the smaller social group and the stuff we do somehow drawing from or reacting to the 'mainstream' bits, then the closer relationships, and then myself as an individual mind and then a body. What will I talk about today? What is impacting my mood today? It feels like there's some maths involved here. I don't even know. Where to start. (??)

Right, for one thing, there's some sad people around. I dunno what to do about that and I'll stop myself from (straight away) firing off possible solutions, explanations etc. Even that feels like too many words. There are just sad people. I'm not really sad myself, just a bit awkward and less than exuberant at times, but I guess I can see there's a lot going on. Lots of different worlds, wavelengths. Makes sense for

such a creatively diverse bunch of people.

Nope, I'm not going to bang on about it. I'm not sure where this is going. Not rushing.

-----What I meant was, that I shouldn't just thrust a cheap, frantic substitute for a well thought out solution just to hear the sound of my own voice and fill in uncomfortable, helpless, or boring silence.

Where'd I begin? Getting a bit hesitant again. Too hesitant. Not hesitant enough. Too self-satisfied and happy, too irrationally guilty, not guilty enough, too many ideas and not enough drive, too much drive and not enough ideas! Too many personal feelings, not enough systematic grasp, too much thinking, not enough feeling ah this just sucks, what does 'being' that stuff mean, in this eternal balancing act?

Right, here's what's been going on.

I sit down, write, but don't feel all that confident and energised for whatever reason. Now instead of thinking straight to what I have to do, I try to manually sift through all the reasons I feel that way, and aall tthhhhheeee reeassonnns toooooo wrrritte anndd thee vvaluues systemms aa shoold basee juuddjjmennts onn ..ANDD am I, am I keeping faithh or is my 'goodness' dependent on a moment of concentration, synchronised brain chemistry, 'health' oh can of worms everywhere, shove em back in.

Ah, BACK ON TRACK. I know that there was stuff I had a mind to do, that I mentioned in the last thing. It's a big pile of a project sitting there and parts went missing. You know, I don't even have to clean it up like the backyard because it's just a file. It's not a home improvement thing, is it? What's it worth, then? Well, it was meant to improve real life. Just haven't carried the big pile off to the site yet, out to the public. Gonna sit there rotting. When ya gonna get rid of it? Urghhhh. You spent evenings on that stuff.

A rgh. Lost momentum.

That 'momentum' is just a personal feeling, drive, conscience, humour etc. Or it's just, the continuation of my task which should be

objectively clear but, I become blind to objects, and subjects... -----

I will go and do something else. 'Scuse me for a minute.

Ah nope, I'm still here. Wanted to add to a last paragraph but didn't – being too fidgety.

Alright, got my food and stuff. Some man outside the door was sitting back more than people usually do, said hello, they 3were waiting for their chicken meals and he would guard the door so that no thieves would come in. Meek me responded bare minimum. Hmm, reckon he was stoned.

Anyhow, got my food, food where the construction of meaning starts. From the womb. Theoretically we are alright if we just have our food and cosy things but us humans can evolve more than that, yes? Maybe sometimes it isn't worth the effort to do more than the minimum, to care about more than basic live n let live and sustenance. Cares give you hurts and complicate shit. But sometimes if you don't care then the cost of that ends up being greater, and your little personal layer wears thin.

This layer, we could say, is stuff you learned that's been 'learned by heart', automatic, sense-based... Maybe I just need to learn more better stuff by heart. Yeah, that's the point of making alternative stuff, underground stuff – you're exploring and it's hard (or easy, if you're liberating yourself from stuff your instinct as a child hated, finding an expression you were waiting for, for a long time). Finding new sincere patterns of writing, acting, life etc. Where do I get stuff from?

SOLIDARITY AMERICA (AND EVERYWHERE ELSE WHERE CLASS IMPACTS VULNERABILITY TO SLIMY SELF-INTERESTED EXPLOITERS)

Unbenownst to a Brisbane woman getting pre work placement health checks, signing the blood test referral form (being briefly hesitant and rushed on by the nurse) meant that they would send her a \$380 bill. Included in that was a fairly arbitrary test (~\$40) thrown in by the doctor before being whisked off to a room for an

injection which cost approx. \$60. Her foolishness was in assuming that fellow Australians (and polite immigrants) with a proudly, for the large part equitable health care system would take care to at the very least inform this low income student of the incoming bills. The common sense was derived from never having had to pay for a blood test in the past, and having been looked after quite kindly. Also, mainly free health care?

Innocent assumptions of Australian's civility and basic empathy have also been challenged in the past by automated toll points in labyrinthine Brisbane spaghetti roads without any fine print, aforementioned (issue 9) wage-skimming, verbally abusive, backpacker-exploiting small business man, herd-mentality following, hypocritical, nonsequitur-employing, slimy, hard-hearted anti-s*****e activists with the sociological literacy of dull children, insurance companies and the process of victims having to do all the errands after car accidents, police not giving a shit about your beloved and economically crucial 90s hatchback (just up to me n the boyz if someone smashes a window, which happens all the time in lower middle suburbia), and also the \$50+ police check which I got in the mail that affirms as much as anything that I am an OK citizen.

This is only the surface, this is the stuff that's just breaking the rules of civilised (ideally voluntary) transactions under capitalism. This is the least we can do – not be exceptionally selfish. Yeah and shut it if you think you have an excuse, because you're not thinking of the person like me who's tracing it all up to you. You know what makes your points lacking in integrity? When you're afraid to have less.

Hey, I could rant about the commercial landscape, capitalism in a broad sense ripping money for essentials of life out of work and/or stress worn bodies, but you know I can only critique the less obvious stuff on the basis of some kind of prior moral lessons you learn as a kid. Half-baked, rule-obsessed ones aiding commercial convenience and bare-minimum confidence in economy, token face to face fairness, brief humane transactions, some kind of partial evidence of entrepreneurial endeavours being sincere caring and hospitality... Bit of

pride, honesty, 'class'. What do these people even do? Feel good about themselves from? Not on my side, maybe he side of people who think everyone's ambition is international resorts, holidays, investment games, snooty drinking parties and therefore you're cool, because it's the fabric of society? Rational free market blah blah.

See, you can't use only caring about your family or friend's living standards or anything as an excuse to the public you rip off. The public is not ordered on the premise of yourself being mysteriously special – ah well maybe it is – but that was objectively an accident because no-one cares about your lifestyle. At the bottom of it is that you are a human, relating to other humans with a degraded standard.

You know what it is, even if not the worst thing in the world? If not truly immoral or anything I could rail at with biting self-righteousness? Boring. Also, passive – if you're projecting your dull, accepting nature on to the little guy. Mindful detachment from life. If not boring, inefficient and irrational – failing at better arrangements for your troubled mind or economics. Dull culture.

I know well enough that this is silly, thinking and changing humans is hard (and they won't read this). But I do it nonetheless because I'm a natural, expressive human. I possess little to no insitutional or buying power to contact individuals directly, to do a serious campaign. Just having a rant, which is fine. Which is good, which is unpredictable in its consequences more than any class or individual company being targeted and defined. CUSTOMER COMPLAINTS SECTION. Urghhh. STOP ADANI. Urgh. Vote this, sign this, so on. Great how the rant is a fun genre.

I am very lucky. I had my moment of anger, but I'm in a good position. Even if I did go to challenge something (eg. The centre broke the law?) I wouldn't be a massively whiny prig if I could help it, unless I genuinely broke down in tears (dignified, sincere tears) from real dire circumstance or convincing conviction, cause you have to mean something to someone else beyond appealing to their identities & outrage against THE SUPREME RULES OF DECENCY, when you're as bland as the perpetrators, when

we're all a bit unfair under this system, the ever decent ranter, yarn spinner knows you can't be all about you. You know, you have my sympathy you priggish rule defenders if you're victims and defending the better thing but, next level is escaping your little structure you've got, the supreme stickiness of little nonessential gripes around you (beyond just food and stuff). Ah but I know I'm just having a whine here a little bit. Worse shit happens. Anyhow, off to a show.

Cheers x

